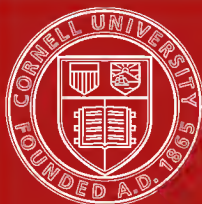


CORNELL
UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY





Cornell University
Library

The original of this book is in
the Cornell University Library.

There are no known copyright restrictions in
the United States on the use of the text.

<http://www.archive.org/details/cu31924021768720>

•

HEART SONGS AND
HOME SONGS

BOOKS OF POEMS
BY
DENIS A. McCARTHY

A ROUND OF RIMES
VOICES FROM ERIN
HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

\$ 1.00 net each

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

BY

DENIS A. McCARTHY



BOSTON

LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY

1916

72

Copyright, 1916,
BY LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.

All rights reserved

Published, September, 1916

59998B

Norwood Press
Set up and electrotyped by J. S. Cushing Co., Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.
Presswork by S. J. Parkhill & Co., Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

DEDICATED

First of all to Ruphine and Rufina — and then to the many others whose lives have touched mine, and who have helped me to live these poems and to write them

PREFACE

THE publication of this collection of my more recent verse is due in no small degree to the fact that I am constantly receiving inquiries as to where certain poems of mine may be found. Wherever I give readings from my own verses someone is almost sure to ask me what book contains a poem especially liked.

In many cases I am able to refer inquirers to "A Round of Rimes" and "Voices from Erin", my already published volumes; but as often as not the poems asked for are not to be found in either of those books. Hence the present collection, containing most of the verses written since my last book was published.

I take this occasion to thank the press and public for the cordial welcome given to "A Round of Rimes" and "Voices from Erin." If the present volume should merit and meet like favor, I shall be satisfied.

PREFACE

Many of the poems printed here were originally written for such publications' as the Youth's Companion, the New York Sun, the Ave Maria, the Congregationalist, the Catholic World, the Churchman, the Christian Endeavor World, and the Rosary Magazine. To all these, as well as to the management of the paper with which I am myself connected editorially, the Sacred Heart Review of Boston, I am grateful for permission to use such verses.

DENIS A. McCARTHY.

JUNE 14, 1916.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
"AMERICA FIRST"	1
BANNER OF AMERICA	3
THE DREAM OF COLUMBUS	5
AMERICA TO HER CHILDREN	10
THE SONG OF THE FOREIGN-BORN	12
TAKE COURAGE	14
THE OLD ELM	16
GOD'S POET	20
THE LAND WHERE HATE SHOULD DIE	21
COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS	23
THE POOR MAN'S DAILY BREAD	25
HELP A FELLOW FORWARD!	27
THE "DOWN AND OUT"	29
SEA DREAMS	31
TRUE KNIGHTHOOD	33
THE BELLS OF CHRISTMAS	34
LOVE BESIDE THE FIRE	36

CONTENTS

	PAGE
MY NATIVE SKIES	38
LOVE INEXPRESSIBLE	39
BROWNIE	40
LOVE AND CONTENT	41
THE MONTH OF REMEMBRANCE	43
HOME-GOING	45
THIRTY YEARS AFTER	47
ST. BRIGID	50
THE LEPRECHAUN	55
THE LITTLE TOWN O' CARRICK	58
THE RIVER AND THE SONG	60
BALLYKNOCKIN	63
THE "QUARENESS" OF THE WORLD	65
"LIVING OUT"	67
WHEN IRELAND'S DREAM COMES TRUE	70
MOTHER	72
MAY	74
AND DIDST THOU DEEM?	75
THE SHEPHERDS	76
THE LAMB HE SOUGHT	78
OUR LADY OF THE TRENCHES	80
A BOY FOREVER	82
THE CHILDHER	84
SIGNS OF SPRING	88
FANNY FUSS-AND-FEATHERS	90
THE NICE MAN	92

CONTENTS

	PAGE
DADDIES AND LADDIES	94
LITTLE LADY WIDE-AWAKE	95
THE SAD POOR LITTLE FACES	97
ROBIN GOODFELLOW	99
PLAYING BEAR	102
PASTE POT AND SHEARS	104
THE NEWSPAPER POET	106
SPRING ON BOSTON COMMON	108
A LAST WORD	110

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS



“ America First ”

WHATEVER the shores that your forefathers
hailed from,

Whatever the flags that they fought for afar,
Whatever the lands that yourselves may have
sailed from,

To-day you must cherish the land where you are.
To-day you are sons of this Nation of nations,
Untroubled by war and its spirit accurst;
So, guarding your souls against racial temptations,
Let this be your motto: “America first!”

This Nation of ours every people has greeted,
Has welcomed them in to partake of her cheer;
And even the humblest, despised and defeated,
Have felt themselves men when they found them-
selves here.

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

The victims of systems and dynasties royal
With her have found freedom, their dreams to
fulfill,
And surely such hearts will not now be disloyal
To her and her spirit of peace and good-will.

✓ God keep from our shores the dread issue of battle;
God keep from our country the curse we abhor.
They speak not the mind of the Nation who prattle
So lightly of plunging the land into war.
But if, proving futile our peaceful endeavor,
The tempest of war on her borders should burst —
Then, then, whatsoever your race, you must never
Forget the great watchword, "America first!"

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Banner of America

BANNER of America! Oh, banner of the
west-land!

Banner of a nation great and generous and young!
Banner of a land we deem the dearest and the best
land,
Lights eternal be the stars that shine your folds
among!

Banner of America! Oh, banner of the mountains!
Banner of the prairie-lands outspreading lone and
far!
Banner of the mighty streams, the lakes, the falls,
the fountains —
Love to you, and greeting, every stripe and every
star!

Banner of America! Oh, banner of the cowboys!
Banner of the pioneers that break the virgin soil,
Banner of the country-bred, the reapers and the
plough-boys —
None to you more loyal than the sons who watch
and toil.

Banner of America! Oh, banner of the street-
folk —

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Are they lost in trafficking, in selfish plot and
plan?
Nay, let danger threaten you, and, squalid folk
or neat folk,
Banner of the roaring mart, they'll answer to a
man!

Banner of America! O banner of the people!
In the love we bear you let all class distinction die,
Wave from towr'ing city spire or tiny village steeple,
Every eye is glad to see your splendor in the sky!

Banner of America! Oh, gonfalon of glory!
Many a soldier son for you has suffered death's
eclipse,
Many a sailor lad whose name is lost to song or
story,
Gladly gave his life to see you shine above the
ships!

Banner of a freedom that the centuries have sighed
for,
Banner of a land that gives the soaring spirit
scope,
Ever-sacred symbol of a dream that men have died
for,
Wave above a nation where the humblest heart
may hope!

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

The Dream of Columbus

[Written for the unveiling of the Columbus Memorial, Washington, D. C., and read by the author at the banquet which closed the unveiling exercises, June 8, 1912.]

BEYOND the wisest wit of man,
Beyond his power to peer or scan,
God shapes his own enduring plan.

How vast soe'er to us may seem
The reach of some stupendous scheme,
God's issue far outruns the dream.

God stirs the dreamer to aspire,
He fills his bosom with the fire
Of lofty hope and large desire;

But greater than the dreamer's thought,
And farther than the goal he sought,
God's mighty purposes are wrought.

What grander vision ever woke
Man's spirit with its master-stroke
Than that which on Columbus broke —

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

When first God planted in his breast
The seed of that divine unrest
Which sought the East but found the West !

When, moved by sagas old and quaint,
Still lingering like echoes faint,
Of Viking bold and Sailor-saint,

He mused upon their olden tale,
And dreamed some day to spread his sail
Before the westward-moving gale ;

Until, where Eastern planets shone,
His ship should haply come upon
The golden realm of Prester John ;

Until — O, glorious day to be ! —
Adventuring forth in manhood free,
He solved the mystery of the sea !

The dream close-wedded to his will
Long years of failure could not kill —
More steadfast did they make him still.

He heard the cackling mirth of fools,
(Of nobles the ignoble tools)
He bore the scathing scorn of schools,

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Yet could not from his quest be turned —
The fire within that blazed and burned
All doubt defied, all danger spurned.

Until at last with ships and men
They saw him sail beyond their ken,
Nor deemed he'd e'er return again.

"He goes," they said, "on errand blind!" —
We know that he went forth to find
A Land of Promise for mankind!

Ambition's many-colored flame
Before him shone — worth, wealth and fame,
A princely place, a noble name —

The stalwart sailor's manly pride,
The scholar's reputation wide —
All these he saw, and more beside.

Yea, more — for, ever as he dreamed,
Religion's light about him streamed,
Its sacred symbol o'er him gleamed.

New provinces, new power for Spain
He fain would find, but still more fain
New realms where Christ the Lord should reign!

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

'Twas thus Columbus dreamed, 'twas thus
His spirit strong, adventurous,
When sailors murmured, mutinous, —

Or when, as day on day went by,
And naught appeared but sea and sky,
His own resolve was like to die, —

O'ercame the danger from without,
O'ercame the deadly inner doubt,
Put all his spirits' foes to rout.

For, in the sky that o'er him bent,
God's vision still before him went,
The holy hope, the high intent.

And, thus sustained, his course he kept,
Until his eye, that rarely slept
But still the wide horizon swept,

Beheld, as he the darkness scanned,
A light — a light ! — a blazing brand ! —
And there, thank God, at last was land !

Beyond the widest reach of man,
Beyond his farthest power to scan,
God frames a farther future plan.

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

God chooses with unerring art
The player of a noble part,
He makes him great in brain and heart.

He fits the actor for the role —
But never e'en the chosen soul
May see God's drama as a whole.

Columbus died, or ere he learned
His work a richer wage had earned
Than that for which he toiled and yearned.

For grand as was the dream he knew,
God's vision held a vaster view —
To make the whole world's dream come true!

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

America to Her Children

CHILDREN of mine, how devoted I see you
are!

Children of mine, what a blessing to me you are!
Sending your love to the innermost heart of me,
Thrilling and filling each fibre and part of me!

Fresh are your faces, and clear are the eyes of you,
Great are your dreams although small is the size
of you.

Eager your thoughts — may they never bring
shame to you!

Blest is the land that to-day can lay claim to you!

Children of mine, will you always be true to me?
Always remember the service that's due to me?
Treason may tempt. Will you turn from the lure
of it?

How can I ask, since my heart is full sure of it?

Children, your fathers oft suffered in gyves for
me;

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Yes, they oft gave up their lands and their lives for
me.

You are not called such devotion to give for me ;
This be *your* part : That you love me, and live for
me !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

The Song of the Foreign-Born

O LAND of all lands first and best,
We pledge our love to thee.
Whate'er the faith our sires confessed,
Whate'er our blood may be;
Whate'er the shrine at which we bow,
To-day, dear land, we blend
Our hearts and voices in the vow
To love thee to the end.

O land of all lands first and best,
Wide open hast thou flung
Thy gates to greet men sore oppressed
Of every race and tongue.
And surely they who know thy hand
And all the gifts it bears
Will never flout the gen'rous land
That shelters them and theirs.

O land of all lands first and best, —
Come peace or conflict dread,
Thy sons will bravely bear the test,
Wherever born or bred.

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Old racial cries, old racial ties,
For them will cease to be,
And, over all, the thought will rise
Of thee and only thee !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Take Courage

WHEN you read about the trouble in the mine
and in the mill,

When you read about the lockout and the strike;
When dishonor and dishonesty your morning papers
fill

In a way no decent citizen can like;
Then there comes a strong temptation to have
doubts about the nation,

And to fear some dark disaster in the fogs;
But take heart, my honest fellow, don't you show
a streak of yellow,
For this country is not going to the dogs!

When you read of rotten politics in city and in state,
When you read of juggling justice on the bench;
When the price of food makes leaner every day the
poor man's plate,

When the social muck is making quite a stench;
Then a man may fairly wonder if there hasn't,
crime or blunder,
Been a monkey-wrench dropped in among the
cogs;

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Yet a state of abject terror is a most colossal error,
For this country is not going to the dogs!

For this good old ship, America, has weathered many
a gale,

She has sailed through many a thicker fog before,
And her crew have learned the habit of not knowing
how to fail,

Howsoe'er the stormy seas around may roar;
She is staunch and stout and roomy, and though
seas and skies be gloomy,

Let us leave all coward croaking to the frogs,
Let us face in manly fashion all the panic and the
passion,

For this country is not going to the dogs!

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

The Old Elm

In 1912 an old elm, said to have been planted by one of the early settlers of what is now Winthrop, Massachusetts, was removed as having, because of its age, become a menace to the public. The Winthrop Improvement and Historical Association conceived the thought of marking by a public celebration the passing of the old tree and the planting of a new one near by, to continue the tradition. On this occasion the orator was the late Charles Francis Adams, and Mr. McCarthy read the following poem:

HERE, once upon a time, beside the sea,
An early settler planted him a tree.

Spring's flashing rains upon the sapling fell,
The summer's ardent sunshine wooed it well,
Till, waxing stronger, it might well defy
The autumn gale and winter's freezing sky.

Year followed year, and year by year it grew,
And, year by year, a fuller function knew;
For to its leafy coverts every spring
The wild birds came, their mating-songs to sing.
And shall we doubt that 'neath its shelt'ring boughs
Came human lovers to rehearse their vows?

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

The times may change, the customs, and the art,
They make no changes in the human heart.

Year followed year. The tree in summer made,
Year after year, a surely-widening shade;
And, year by year, its leafless limbs among
The winter winds a deeper anthem sung.

The years to decades turned. A century rolled,
The stately tree stood staunchly as of old.
New times, new faces and new manners came —
The settler's centuried elm was still the same.
Each generation played its part, and then
The stage of life was cleared for other men.
The tree, unchanged save that it grander grew,
Beheld their entrance and their exit too.

Year followed year. Another century passed,
Another hundred years of changes vast.
The olden rulership of kings outworn,
Upon this soil a nation had been born,
And strong young souls, politically free,
Already dreamed of greater things to be.
No longer only to one racial source
They traced the country's genius, fire and force,
For now all races of the world began
To make our shore the merging-place of man,

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

And e'en this sea-girt and secluded place
Must feel the impulse of a newer race.

Year followed year ; until at last to-day,
Stricken with age and sunken in decay,
This tree that saw our settlement begun,
That saw the settlers vanish one by one,
Itself must pass where leaves no longer stir,
And be accounted with the things that were.

And so to-day, O venerable tree,
We gather here to say farewell to thee ;
And plant another sapling in thy stead,
Another tree that may uplift its head,
And spread abroad full many a leafy bough,
And live and thrive for centuries even as thou !

Thou sawest Freedom flourish in thy time
From small beginnings unto glorious prime ;
The straitened ways the early settlers knew
Thou sawest widen into ways more true ;
Full many a cloud thou sawest fleet away
Before the sunlight of a larger day,
As 'round thee gathering came the newer flock,
As once the children of the older stock.

So runs the world. Now, may this other tree
In future years still greater progress see.

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Till every false suspicious fear is fled,
And every dark, deforming doubt is dead,
And children of all races with one voice
In this sea-circled place may still rejoice,
When, centuries hence, perhaps, they come to pay
Their tribute to the tree we plant to-day !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

God's Poet

GOD filled his heart with sweetness,
God thrilled his soul with song,
God made him tender with the weak,
And fearless with the strong ;
God gave him grace to choose the right,
And power to smite the wrong.

God touched his life with sadness,
God burdened him with care,
God humbled him and hindered him,
Lest he too rashly dare ;
But always God sustained him
And saved him from despair,

And sent him forth, a teacher,
The word of truth to bring,
A prophet and a preacher,
A leader and a king —
God-sent and God-anointed,
His mission this : To sing !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

The Land Where Hate Should Die

THIS is the land where hate should die —
No feuds of faith, no spleen of race,
No darkly brooding fear should try
Beneath our flag to find a place.
Lo! every people here has sent
Its sons to answer freedom's call;
Their lifeblood is the strong cement
That builds and binds the nation's wall.

This is the land where hate should die —
Though dear to me my faith and shrine,
I serve my country well when I
Respect the creeds that are not mine.
He little loves his land who'd cast
Upon his neighbor's word a doubt,
Or cite the wrongs of ages past
From present rights to bar him out.

This is the land where hate should die —
This is the land where strife should cease,
Where foul, suspicious fear should fly
Before the light of love and peace.

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Then let us purge from poisoned thought
That service to the state we give,
And so be worthy as we ought
Of this great land in which we live !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Count Your Blessings

HAVE you sorrows? You must bear them
Without murmur, without moan ;
Think not you may shirk or share them,
Keep them for yourself alone.
But if you have joys — oh, show them !
Broadcast to the winds go throw them,
Seed-like through the world go sow them,
And be glad when they are sown !

Have you trials? You must face them
Without grumble, without groan ;
Burdens? Then be sure to place them
On no shoulders save your own.
But if you have aught that's cheerful,
Give it forth to calm the fearful,
Give it forth to soothe the tearful,
Sing it, ring it, make it known !

Thus it is the noble-hearted
Live until their day is flown ;
Thus their courage is imparted
As a bugle-blast is blown ;

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Thus it is they help and heighten,
Thus they lift and thus they lighten,
Thus it is they bless and brighten
Souls less steadfast than their own !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

The Poor Man's Daily Bread

NOT only there where jeweled vestments blaze,
And princely prelates bow before Thy
shrine,
Where myriads line the swept and garnished ways
Through which is borne Thy Majesty Divine —
O Jesus of the ever loving heart,
Not only there Thou art !

But where the lowliest church its cross uplifts
Above the city's sordidness and sin ;
Where all unheeded human wreckage drifts
And drowns amid the foulness and the din —
There, too, anear the very gates of hell,
O Saviour, dost Thou dwell !

Oh, meet it is that round Thy altar thrones,
Thy highest priests should ministering throng
With silken robe, with gold and precious stones,
With solemn chant and loud triumphant song :
What beauty that the world could give would be
Too beautiful for Thee ?

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

And yet to those that work with grimy hands
And sweaty brows in ditches and in drains,
Thou comest with a love that understands
Their labor ill requited, and their pains.
Who knows so well as Thou what they endure,
O Father of the poor?

And so, deep-hid in many a city street,
Or far where lonely workers break the soil,
Are shrines where Thou, the Merciful, dost meet,
In love's embrace, the weary ones that toil.
For them Thy hospitable board is spread,
With Thee, Thy very self, their Daily Bread!

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Help a Fellow Forward!

HELP a fellow forward, man,
Help a fellow all you can.
When he's out of step and slow,
Courage gone, and can't say, "No;"
When despair comes sneaking in;
When he feels he cannot win;
And you know, a little bit
More of that and he must quit —
Will you, heedless of his plight,
Forge ahead with all your might?
Will you take the lead, nor mind
This poor struggler left behind?
Nay, I'm sure you'll stop awhile,
Stop to help him with a smile,
Stop to lend a hand to him
Who is up against the grim
Problem that we all must face
Somewhere in life's eager race.

Help a fellow forward! Say
Something cheering, something gay,
Something that will stir his soul,

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Wake his will and self-control.
Bravest hearts will sometimes fail,
Strongest spirits sometimes quail;
And a friendly word of cheer
May transform a whole career.
Have you not yourself been stirred
In the past by some good word
To a stronger effort still
As you climbed the weary hill?
So, whene'er you see another
Losing hope — well, he's a brother,
And a word, a deed, is due
To that brother-man from you.
Help him! It is God's own plan!
Help a fellow all you can!

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

The “Down and Out”

THE man who wins in the fight for fame,
Who wins in the war for gold,
The welkin rings with his lauded name
Wherever his deeds are told.
Not mine to jeer when I hear him hailed;
I'm proud of his heart so stout —
But what of the fellow who tried and failed,
The fellow that's “down and out”?

Shall nought be said for the man who tried
The goal of his hopes to gain?
Who faced the battle with patient pride
And fought though the fight was vain?
Whose spirit in one weak moment quailed,
Who fell at the last redoubt —
Ah, many a hero heart has failed,
So here's to the “down and out”!

The man who wins, oh, honor him well,
And give him the praise that's due,
But don't forget the other who fell

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Ere ever his dreams came true ;
Yes, honor the man whose will prevailed,
Who baffled despair and doubt —
But give one thought to the man who failed,
The fellow that's "down and out" !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Sea Dreams

O PLACE of wonder
Too deep for speech !
The great waves thunder
Along the beach.
What force they roll with
Against the rocks !
How thrills my soul with
Their mighty shocks !

O place of splendor —
How vast the view !
My glance I send o'er
Wide leagues of blue,
From where these highlands
The surges spurn
To where far islands
To opals turn.

O world of wonders !
O world of peace !
Man's crimes and blunders —
When will they cease ?

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

The fading laurels
For which he tries,
The paltry quarrels
In which he dies !

O world of beauty !
When will he see
The blessed duty
Of unity ?
The blessed vision
Of world-wide good —
The peace elysian
Of brotherhood !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

True Knighthood

AH, nothing more knightly or noble than this is :
To think what is true despite hatred and
hisses ;
To speak what is just despite jesting or jeering,
To do what is right without falt'ring or fearing.

Ah, nothing than this is more knightly or noble :
To help and to heal the sad spirit in trouble ;
To hearten and cheer the poor comrade distressful,
And rally him back to a battle successful.

Ah, nothing's more noble than this, or more knightly :
To bear one's own burden serenely and lightly,
To hide one's own wound when its pain is the
keenest,
And smile when one's joys are the least and the
leanest.

Ah, nothing's more knightly or noble than living
To spend one's self, Christlike, in loving and giving,
Clean-hearted within and kind-hearted to others —
Is this not the seal of True Knighthood, my brothers !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

The Bells of Christmas

THEY come to me at Christmas —
The dreams of other years,
Their tender touch unsealing
The fount of joy and tears;
And grief with joy commingled
Within my bosom swells
When, calling, calling, calling,
I hear the Christmas bells!

The merry bells of Christmas,
The cheery bells of Christmas,
How magical their voices,
The happy Christmas bells!

They come to me at Christmas —
Old ghosts from out the past,
The gracious, God-sent friendships
Whose bonds still hold me fast.
They fill with forms and faces
My spirit's silent cells —
The dreams that come at Christmas
Responsive to the bells.

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

The merry bells of Christmas,
The cheery bells of Christmas,
They bring me back old friendships,
The happy Christmas bells!

He comes to me at Christmas —
The Man Who died for men —
A tiny, tender Baby,
He comes to me again.
And as I kneel before Him,
The faith within me wells,
That stirred whene'er in childhood
I heard the Christmas bells.

O joyful bells of Christmas!
O happy bells of Christmas!
My faith in God you strengthen,
O blessed Christmas bells!

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Love Beside the Fire

THE pride of autumn fades away on wooded
vale and hill,

The days are growing grayer and the nights are
growing chill,

Then, hey for home, and happy eves, and joys that
never tire!

We'll face the worst that winter brings, with love
beside the fire!

O, sweet as youth the springtime was, and fair
were summer's bowers,

And gaily glowed the pageantry of autumn's golden
hours!

With sadness from the hills we saw their sunlit
days retire,

But winter brings us back again to love beside the
fire!

So bolt the door against the blast, and start the
cheerful blaze,

And let us sit, sweetheart of mine, and talk of olden
days,

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Of days when first you woke in me the dream of
young desire,
When yet I hardly dared to hope for love beside the
fire!

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

My Native Skies

FOR years an exile, fortune-tost,
I mourned my native skies, long lost.
And then, dear heart, in your deep eyes
I found again my native skies!

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Love Inexpressible

IF I could only speak, dear,
The love that's in my heart !
But, ah, the words are weak, dear,
And will not do their part.
My swiftest measures halt, dear,
Unsteady and untrue,
And all my art's at fault, dear,
To tell my love for you.

If I could only speak, dear,
My happy heart's excess !
But vain — in vain I seek, dear,
My passion to express.
Full many a pretty thing, dear,
I've known my rhymes to do,
But why — why don't they sing, dear,
My tender love for you?

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Brownie

MANY girls are stately, many girls are tall;
I admire them greatly, I admire them all;
Girls in the East there be and girls in the West,
But my little Brownie is the girl I love the best!

Darkly brown the eyes of her, darkly brown her
hair;
Dainty is the size of her — not an inch to spare;
But she's tall enough to reach the heart within my
breast;
And my little Brownie is the girl I love the best!

Many girls are queenly, many girls are proud,
Sailing by serenely, heads above the crowd —
Heads whose nod would make a man obey their
least behest,
But my little Brownie is the girl I love the best!

Sunny are the ways of her, sunny is her smile;
Winning every phase of her, winning every wile;
Tall and stately maids may rule the world from east
to west,
But my little Brownie is the girl I love the best!

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Love and Content

OH, they that dwell in palaces and dine on dainty
fare,
Their souls, sweetheart, are often steeped in dark-
ness and despair,
For never yet the door was made, however richly
wrought,
Could shut the hound of sorrow from the fated
hearth he sought.
And never casement yet could lure, however wide
and high,
The blessed beam of happiness from doom's relent-
less sky;
And oh, the richest, finest food on snowy table
spread
Is only dust and ashes when the light of love is fled.

Oh, they that dwell in palaces, sweetheart, are
often sad,
Because they've somehow missed the joy that
makes our life so glad;
And oft, I ween, they'd barter dainty fare and
lordly dome

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

To know the happiness that dwells within our
lowly home ;
For 'tisn't stately palaces all beautified by art,
And 'tisn't lavish luxury can satisfy the heart,
And 'tisn't wine or wantonness can warm the
spirit cold,
And 'tisn't wealth can gain the gift that's neither
bought nor sold.

Oh, they that dwell in palaces, the softest garments
wear,
But oft the silken robe, sweetheart, is thickly lined
with care,
And oft the shining jewel on the shapely arm or
hand
Becomes a baser fetter than the convict's iron
band.
So let me not be envious, sweetheart, of all their
gear,
But prize the rarer, fairer gift I hold in you, my
dear,
And thank the gracious God Who, though our lives
were leagues apart,
Has brought us twain together, soul of soul and
heart of heart !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

The Month of Remembrance

ALL in the dark November
The sad winds seem to sigh :
“Remember, ah, remember,
The friends who once were nigh !
The friends you loved, remember,
Who now have passed away” —
All in the dark November
The sad winds seem to say !

And are our hearts forgetful
Of those, our dear, our dead ?
And are our tears regretful
For them no longer shed ?
Is love a fading ember
That quickly dies away ? —
“Remember, ah, remember,”
The sad winds seem to say.

The summer's sway is ended,
The autumn's glory flown,
The latest leaf unfended
Along the blast is blown ;

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Soon, soon, shall pass November,
But ere its days go by,
“Remember, ah, remember,”
Its sad winds seem to sigh !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Home-Going

ALL day, all day, across the bay
The winds blew fair and free ;
All day with trailing plumes of smoke
The ships put out to sea ;
All day my spirit followed far
O'er leagues and leagues of foam
To hail the happy headlands and
The verdant vales of home !

All day, all day, across the bay
I saw the ships go on,
Till in the sun the trailing smoke
A golden glory shone.
“Ah, so,” I cried, “when I sail out
To scenes beloved of old,
The clouds that hang about my heart
Will all be turned to gold !”

Then blow, ye winds, across the sea,
And swiftly sail, ye ships.
And let me seek the olden land
Of loyal hearts and lips.

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

I'll find things strange, I'll find a change,
Since first I fared to roam —
But O, the happy headlands and
The verdant vales of home !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Thirty Years After

OH, Ireland is the pleasant place when youth is in
the veins,
'Tis pleasant when the sun shines, and 'tis pleasant
when it rains,
For, sure, the eyes of youth can pierce the thickest
rain and mist
And see the distant mountains by the kindly sun-
shine kissed.

Faith, every hill's a mountain there, and every
bush a tree,
And every stream's a river wide, and every lake's
a sea ;
And every heart's a fount of hope, and faith and
love and truth ;
Oh, Ireland is the pleasant place for them that
have the youth.

Oh, Ireland is the merry place when heads and hearts
are young,

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

'Tis there the wayside dances are, 'tis there the
songs are sung,
'Tis there the wildest music is, and there the mad-
dest mirth,
And oh, 'tis there's the softest speech was ever
heard on earth.

Ay, sure 'tis there, I'm thinking, that the sweetest
words are said,
And over there's the blarney that would turn the
wisest head.
And tales of yore and fairy lore and jesting full of
joy;
Oh, Ireland is the merry place when one is but a
boy.

But Ireland is the lonesome place, a strange and
eerie land,
When after years of exile on its shores again you
stand;
Ah, where is all the graciousness, and where the
golden light,
And where are all the hawthorn blooms that used
to be so white?

And oh, the skies so gray and grim that used to be
so blue,

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

And oh, the rain that seems to weep for friends that
once you knew !

Ah me, the change ! Ah me, how strange, to find
old Ireland sad,

That used to be so happy to a happy-hearted lad !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

St. Brigid

A legend of "The Mary of the Gael"

BRIGID, the daughter of Duffy, she wasn't
like other young things,
Dreaming of lads for her lovers, and twirling her
bracelets and rings;
Combing and coiling and curling her hair that was
black as the sloes,
Painting her lips and her cheeks that were ruddy
and fresh as the rose.
Ah, 'twasn't Brigid would waste all her days in
such follies as these —
Christ was the Lover she worshiped for hour after
hour on her knees;
Christ and his Church and his poor,—and 'twas
many a mile that she trod
Serving the loathsomest lepers that ever were
stricken by God.

Brigid, the daughter of Duffy, she sold all her
jewels and gems,

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Sold all her finely-spun robes that were braided with
gold to the hems;
Kept to her back but one garment, one dress that
was faded and old,
Gave all her goods to the poor who were famished
with hunger and cold.
Ah, 'twasn't Brigid would fling at the poor the
hard word like a stone —
Christ the Redeemer she saw in each wretch that
was ragged and lone;
Every wandering beggar who asked for a bite or a
bed
Knocked at her heart like the Man who had nowhere
to shelter his head.

Brigid, the daughter of Duffy, she angered her
father at last.
“Where are your dresses, my daughter? Crom
Cruach! You wear them out fast!
Where are the chains that I bought you all wrought
in red gold from the mine?
Where the bright brooches of silver that once on
your bosom would shine?”
Ah, but 'twas he was the man that was proud of
his name and his race,
Proud of their prowess in battle and proud of their
deeds in the chase!

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Knew not the Christ, the pale God whom the
priests from afar had brought in,
Held to the old Gaelic gods that were known to
Cuchullin and Finn.

Brigid, the daughter of Duffy, made answer. "O
father," said she,
"What is the richest of raiment, and what are
bright jewels to me?
Lepers of Christ must I care for, the hungry of
Christ must I feed;
How can I walk in rich robes when his people and
mine are in need?"
Ah, but 'twas she didn't fear for herself when he
blustered and swore,
Meekly she bowed when he ordered his chariot
brought to the door;
Meekly obeyed when he bade her get in at the
point of his sword,
Knowing whatever her fate she'd be safe with her
Lover and Lord.

Brigid, the daughter of Duffy, was brought to the
court of the King,
(Monarch of Leinster, MacEnda, whose praises
the poets would sing).
"Hither, O monarch," said Duffy, "I've come with
a maiden to sell;

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Buy her and bind her to bondage — she's needing
such discipline well!"

Ah, but 'twas wise was the King. From the maid
to the chieftain he turned;

Mildness he saw in her face, in the other's 'twas
anger that burned;

"This is no bondmaid, I'll swear it, O chief, but a
girl of your own.

Why sells the father the flesh of his flesh and the
bone of his bone?"

Brigid, the daughter of Duffy, was mute while her
father replied —

"Monarch, this maid has no place as the child of
a chieftain of pride.

Beggars and wretches whose wounds would the
soul of a soldier affright,

Sure, 'tis on these she is wasting my substance
from morning till night!"

Ah, but 'twas bitter was Duffy; he spoke like a
man that was vexed.

Musing, the monarch was silent; he pondered
the question perplexed.

"Maiden," said he, "if 'tis true, as I've just from
your father heard tell,

Might it not be, as my bondmaid, you'd waste
all my substance as well?"

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Brigid, the daughter of Duffy, made answer. "O
Monarch," she said,

"Had I the wealth from your coffers, and had I
the crown from your head —

Yea, if the plentiful yield of the broad breasts
of Erin were mine,

All would I give to the people of Christ who in
poverty pine."

Ah, but 'twas then that the King felt the heart in
his bosom upleap,

"I am not worthy," he cried, "such a maiden in
bondage to keep!

Here's a king's sword for her ransom, and here's
a king's word to decree

Never to other than Christ and his poor let her
servitude be!"

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

The Leprechaun¹ ✓

O summer is the time to see the little leprechaun ;
' He haunts the Irish hedges at the very peep
o' dawn ;
You hear a little hammer going rap-a-tap-a-tap —
And then you know he's close at hand, the foxy
fairy chap.

And, faith, the little leprechaun has knowledge of
a place
Where lies a crock o' fairy gold — the hoarding of
his race ;
And, if you keep your eye on him, you have him
in your power,
And he must tell you where 'tis hid, that golden
fairy dower.

¹ The leprechaun is a fairy shoemaker eagerly sought by people who like to get rich quick. If the mortal who meets him will only keep his eyes fixed upon the fairy, the little chap will have to disclose the hiding place of a certain crock of gold. But the leprechaun is so full of tricks to make people look away from him, that few of those who have met him have got rich at his expense.

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

But, ah! beware the leprechaun, for he has tricks
to blind,

And if you look away from him he'll vanish like
the wind.

And sure 'tis I that know it, for I flung away my
chance

Of ever being wealthy by one fatal, fleeting glance.

For once at early morning, ere the sun had drunk
the dew,

I came upon the leprechaun at work upon a shoe ;

At work upon a fairy shoe, the crabbed little elf,

And, O, so very busy that he didn't see myself.

"Good morning to your honor, sir," all flustered
like, I said.

"Good morning kindly, sir," said he, and hardly
raised his head.

'Twas coolly he replied to me, betraying no surprise ;
In fact, I thought I saw a roguish twinkle in his
eyes.

"'Tis early you are up," said I, not knowing what
to say.

"Ah, yes," said he, "but that's because I'm rather
rushed to-day.

But, though I rise so early, yet I honestly declare
I'm never up so early as my neighbor over there."

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

With that he jerked his head a bit, and, thinking
to behold
Another fairy cobbler with another crock of gold,
I looked away a moment — in that moment he was
gone,
And vanished all my fortune with the tricky lepre-
chaun !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

The Little Town o' Carrick

In the little town o' Carrick, sure, there isn't
much to see;
If you're wantin' style an' splendhor, faith, you'd
betther go elsewhere;
But the pleasant face will meet you,
An' the cheery word will greet you,
An' a bigger-hearted people you will never find
than there.

In the little town o' Carrick, sure, there isn't much
to do;
The attractions of the city, 'tis in vain for them
you'll seek;
But the people there would pity
What is laughed at in the city,
An' there's naught to thrip the thrav'ler there,
an' naught to wound the weak.

In the little town o' Carrick, sure, the houses aren't
high;
They don't build them forty stories (more or
less), as they do here;

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

But 'tis not the hoighth of houses
That the exiled spirit rouses,
An' the low gray walls o' Carrick to her distant
ones are dear.

An' the ould Main Street o' Carrick, sure, it isn't
like Broadway;
'Tisn't choked with thrucks of thraffick an' with
limousines of pride;
You can cross it at your leisure,
An' you'll always find with pleasure
That, whichever way you cross it, there's a
friend on aither side.

Ah, the little town o' Carrick, sure, it isn't much
compared
With the mighty marts of commerce filled with
every kind of art;
But I'm tellin' you this minute
That there's something noble in it,
An' the little town o' Carrick will be always near
my heart!

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

The River and the Song

LONG, long ago when I was young,
'Twas many a song my mother sung,
'Tis many a strain comes back to me
First heard and loved beside her knee.
And one old song of all the rest,
That stirred or soothed my infant breast,
Was sung to such a plaintive air
It set me weeping unaware.

Yet, though the teardrops fell,
I would not go to rest without
The song in which she sang about

“The River Suir¹

That runs so pure
To Carrick from Clonmel.”

Perhaps the song to me was dear
Because I somehow seemed to hear
Through all its words and all its tones
The river singing o'er the stones,

¹ The River Suir, pronounced “Shure,” runs through the Golden Vale of Tipperary, where the author was born.

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

The river singing as it flowed
By field and wood and winding road ;
And, oh, that song was always sad,
However warm the world and glad.

And yet I loved it well,
And ever begged to hear the strain
That ended with the old refrain :

“The River Suir
That runs so pure
To Carrick from Clonmel.”

The town from which the river came
To me was more than just a name ;
My fervent fancy made it grand
As any town in fairyland.
And in my heart I yearned to trace
The stream to that enchanted place.
For there, methought, I'd surely spy
The towers that kept the heavens on high,
And wonders hard to tell.

And there I'd see the river's birth,
Its waters welling from the earth —

The River Suir
That ran so pure
To Carrick from Clonmel.

And oft, in fancy drifting down,
I came again to my own town ;

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

I passed beneath its ancient bridge,
I pierced the distant mountain-ridge ;
A leaf upon the current strong,
I floated many a mile along,
Until by Waterford I passed,
And reached the shining seas at last
That round old Ireland swell.
'Twas thus I used to dream what time
My mother sang that haunting rhyme
About "the Suir
That runs so pure
To Carrick from Clonmel."

The world is wide, the years are long ;
I've heard since then full many a song,
And seen with somewhat wearied eyes
Full many a river fall and rise.
And many a grief my heart has felt,
At many a new-made grave I've knelt,
And dreams of promise once I knew
Have proved unstable and untrue.
And still, whate'er befell,
The song that charmed my childish ear
I've always heard and held it dear —
"The River Suir
That runs so pure
To Carrick from Clonmel."

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Ballyknockin

HERE'S to Ballyknockin and the blue skies
bendin' o'er it!

Here's to every hill behind and every vale before it!

Here's to all its streams and all its happy homes
beside them!

And here's to all its friendly folk, and may God's
grace betide them!

Far away from Ireland here, amid the town's com-
motion,

Many a time my wayward heart goes back across
the ocean;

Many a time at present plan and present purpose
mockin',

Off it flies to haunt the scenes of blissful Bally-
knockin!

God be with you, place of dreams and lovely place
of pleasure!

God be with the friends whose love forevermore I'll
treasure!

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

God be with the days I spent with happy heart
among them !

And God be with the songs of youth and those who
sweetly sung them.

Here's to Ballyknockin, let the skies be what they
may,

Blue in summer weather or in winter dark and gray !

Here's to Ballyknockin, be my fate whate'er it will,

That's the place in all the world that I'll remember
still !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

The “Quareness” of the World

AH, sure, 'tis quare the world is in all its years
an' days;

So quare the very wisest wans are moidhered wid
its ways!

For life is like the wather that with childish hands
we clasp

To find there's naught but emptiness left lonesome
in our grasp.

Ah, sure 'tis quare the world is — like childher in the
sun,

We laugh, an' even while we laugh the sunny days
are done,

For toil we must, an' slave we must, since that's the
law of life,

But death is at the latther end of all the stress and
sthrife.

For well we know the finest day must ind in night
at last;

The head that ruled a nation in the graveyard gloom
is cast,

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Och, lovers say, we'll love for aye, — the year seems
long in June,
But age will make them wiser, an' 'tis then they'll
change their tune.

Ah, sure, 'tis quare the world is, so quare in all its
ways,
'Tis betther not be thinkin' lest it put us in a maze,
'Tis betther just be toilin' on an' goin' here an' there,
An' lave the Lord to solve it, but to me 'tis mortal
quare.

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

“ Living Out ”

THE smile of friendly faces and the clasp of
kindly hands —

’Tis these myself is missing from my life from day
to day ;

Ah, no one in America, I’m thinking, understands
There is a sickness of the heart that can’t be cured
with pay.

The master and the mistress — can they compre-
hend the fret

That makes me seem unmindful when I answer to
their call ?

Ah, sure, ’tis mad they’d think me if they knew that
I regret

The little whitewashed cabin in the town of
Glen-an-aule !

That lowly little cabin — sure, no wonder they
should smile

To think that I’d be wishing to be back in it again !
For here I’ve decent wages and the very best of
style,

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

And over there there's nothing but the long and
lonesome glen.
Ay, mad they'd surely call me, could they see the
tears that flow
These evenings in the winter when the sky is like
a pall,
And in the dark'ning shadows I can see the friends
I know
Within the whitewashed cabin in the town of Glen-
an-aule. .

They give me decent wages, and they're mindful
of my health ;
And, sure, 'tis not ungratefully I'd be denying
that !
And everything about the place betokening their
wealth,
And ne'er a chick nor child at all, but just the
dog and cat.
And yet I do be missing still the clasp of kindly
hands,
The sunshine of the home-love that around me
used to fall ;
The mother-heart I'm missing that my own heart
understands,
And only there I'll find it in the town of Glen-an-
aule.

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Ah, living out is lonesome now, whatever you may
say;

I won't belie the strangers, but they're never like
your own;

However kind the people and however fine the pay,
'Tis hard to keep the heart from feeling desolate
and lone.

And often I am longing as the evening gathers in,
And lamps begin to glisten in the houses grim and
tall,

To find myself again among my own dear kith and
kin,

And mother's arms around me in the town of
Glen-an-aule!

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

When Ireland's Dream Comes True

WHEN Ireland's age-long dream comes true,
When, after all the years
She's worn the myrtle and the rue,
God wipes away her tears, —
The winged word of joy will speed
O'er oceans broad and blue,
And hearts around the world take heed,
When Ireland's dream comes true.

Yes, all around the world will run
The sympathetic spark,
The Frank, the Teuton and the Hun
The thrilling word will mark ;
For, whoso hates unrighteous laws,
Whate'er his race or hue,
Must wish success to Ireland's cause,
And hail her dream come true.

And we, whose vital stream flows straight
From Ireland's tender heart,
Will flout, that day, the frowning Fate
That bids us walk apart ;

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

And feel for that dear mother-breast
From which our lives we drew
A richer joy than all the rest,
When Ireland's dream comes true.

When Ireland's dream comes true at last,
God grant she still may hold
In loving mem'ry, firm and fast,
Her exiled sons of old;
Fond, faithful hearts who scorned to hide
The old love in the new —
Who toiled for Ireland, but who died
Ere yet her dream came true.

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Mother

After the battle, that day, you couldn't hear yourselves talk any more in the trenches for the cries of the wounded. It was like one great, uninterrupted wail. . . . Then little by little silence came, as a good many of them died. What we heard sound longest on the battlefield, from one end to the other — the word "Mother!" It is always those who are dying who call like that; we know that now. — LETTER FROM A WAR NURSE.

"**M**OTHER!" they cry, in anguish, at the last,
These strong young soldiers stricken unto death.

"Mother!" All sweet with mem'ries of the past,
That name, they gasp it forth with failing breath.

But woe for them! No mother's hand may now,
Howe'er so fain, the earthen pillow smooth;
No mother's soft caress can reach the brow,
No mother's voice the suff'ring spirit soothe.

So here they lie in battle's dread abyss,
These youthful victims of the nations' wrath;
And each one, dying, craves his mother's kiss,
And, friend or foe, one longing each one hath.

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Mother of Christ, although their lips may frame
No prayer to thee, no tribute to thy power,
When each poor lad invokes his mother's name,
Be thou his Mother in that last dark hour !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

May

MONTH of flowers, month of bowers,
Month of happy sunlit hours;
Month of azure seas reflecting azure skies that bend
above!
Month of May processions twining,
Month of fragrant altars shining, —
Month of her who stoops to listen to our litanies of
love!

Month of gleams, month of streams,
Month of longings and of dreams;
Month of youthful eyes as tender as the skies that
bend above!
Month of promise, month of presage,
Month of Summer's sweetest message, —
Month of her who stoops to listen to our litanies of
love!

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

And Didst Thou Deem ?

AND didst thou deem all beauty fled
Because the summer flowers were dead?
Behold the woods, whose splendors' blaze
Makes beautiful the autumn days !

And didst thou deem all joy was o'er
Because thy youth was thine no more?
Lo, many a blessing Heaven will shed
In showers upon thy hoary head !

The God Who beautifies the earth
At Summer's death as at its birth —
Thy Heavenly Father, He will send
His joys to cheer thee till the end !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

The Shepherds

SOME simple shepherds in the night
Saw heaven open ; and the light
That issues from the Eternal Throne
Around them in the darkness shone.
And downward floating came a throng
Of angels with a wondrous song —
A song that echoed through the spheres,
A song that echoes through the years,
A song that shook the listening sky
With “Glory unto God on high !”
A choral promise from above
Of God’s eternal peace and love.

And so revealed to simple men
Was God’s own Truth. And so again
The lowly-hearted, such as they,
Behold the Lord from day to day.

Before the kingly folk and wise
Who saw His beacon in the skies,
And sought Him in Jerusalem,
He chose the hinds of Bethlehem ;

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

And they were first to kneel before
Their Infant Saviour, and adore —
The first in simple-wise to trace
His Mother's likeness in His face ;
The first, perhaps, to understand
The trembling of St. Joseph's hand ;
To pierce the meaning of his awe
At all he was, and all he saw ;
The first to hail with reverent word
The coming of the Promised Lord ;
The first within that stable dim
To welcome and to worship Him !

Today God's love is just as sure ;
The simple-hearted folk and poor
Are His, as when a babe He lay
Long years ago, long leagues away,
In far Judea, and He chose
The shepherds (out of all of those
Who waited for His coming long)
To hear the angels' wondrous song,
To marvel at the Light of men
That ne'er would sink in night again ;
To be, though lowly, first on earth
To hail the Saviour at His birth.

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

The Lamb He Sought

“SHEPHERD, shepherd of the wold,
 Whither dost thou hasten thus?
Shepherd, we command thee, hold!
 Tell thine errand unto us!
We of Herod's household are,
 And we seek within this wild,
Tidings of a mystic Star
 And a new-born kingly Child.
Thou shalt be rewarded well
If of these thou hast to tell!”

“What know I of lofty things, —
 I a shepherd of the wold?
What know I of courts and kings, —
 I a shepherd poor and old?
But I hasten ere the day
 To a stable lone and lorn,
On a hillside far away,
 Where a little Lamb is born.
Sirs, I pray you, let me on.
That I find it 'fore the dawn!”

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

“Out upon thee, shepherd gray,
 Babbling of thy calling thus, —
Babbling in thy dotard way
 Of a little lamb to us!
Hie thee on thy way apace,
 Lest we lose our patience, and
Scourge thy back and mark thy face
 With thy Lord King Herod’s brand!
Not of little lambs we speak —
’Tis a king, a king, we seek !”

So the shepherd onward sped
 (Gray old man of scanty wit)
Till he found the lonely shed
 (Flamed a bright Star over it).
Entered through the doorway rude —
 While his being thrilled with awe, —
And beheld a crib of wood
 And a Babe upon the straw;
There he bowed him to the sod,
Worshiping the Lamb of God!

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Our Lady of the Trenches

WITHIN the gloomy trenches
Where hideous noises stun,
And death's dark rainfall drenches
The gunner and the gun, —
Behold, there stands an altar
To Mary and her Son.

How strange to bring her hither,
The Virgin Full of Grace,
Where battle-tempests wither
The bravest of the race! —
But is she not their mother,
And is not this her place?

These lads from hillsides heathy,
These men from wood and wold,
From bench and shop and smithy,
From farm and field and fold,
Their hearts lay hold on Jesus
And Mary, as of old.

And prayers they used to prattle
In boyhood, have become

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

A prelude to the battle
More potent than the drum,
And, oh, the soul repeats them
E'en when the lips are dumb.

And lest their spirits falter,
And lest they fail as men,
They raise her here an altar
Within their darksome den,
While waiting war's wild fury
To burst on them again.

And when the strong hand clenches
In death's last grip of pain,
Our Lady of the Trenches,
Be thou there with the slain,
Nor let their heart's devotion
To thee be all in vain!

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

A Boy Forever

(Charles Mannix, June 11, 1915)

NOW that the little boy we loved is dead,
The happy and the holy life he led —
With thoughts of this our hearts are comforted.

Now that his soul has passed beyond our ken,
Now that we know that in this world of men
Never we'll see his fair young face again,

The thought of how he lived in heaven's smile,
Frank, loyal, generous and free from guile, —
'Tis this sustains our stricken hearts the while.

Hard though the blow, and bitter though the test,
Surely God's wisdom knew what thing was best
When from our side He took him to His breast.

For who can tell how youthful feet may range?
Who knows what follies may the heart estrange?
But now he'll never grieve us, never change.

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

And ever as we come to where he lies,
Faith, like an angel pointing to the skies,
Will still reveal him to our loving eyes,

Forever young, and happy with a joy
That nothing can diminish or destroy :
Forever as we saw him last — a boy !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

The Childher

(An Irish Mother Speaks)

AH, sure, without the childher, now, I don't
 know what I'd do at all,
'Twould be the same old story, every day, an'
 nothing new at all!
'Tis thrue, they are a throuble, an' I'm often almost
 wild with them —
But what about the times when I am just another
 child with them?
When all their fun an' frolic makes the very rafters
 ring again,
An' I, with all my years, am led to join them when
 they sing again?
When Patsy (that's the eldest — he that has the
 roguish glance with him —)
He fairly dhrags me in to show the girls how I can
 dance with him?
When Mary (that's my second) plays the tunes of
 other days to me —
An' she not knowing half the things, poor child, the
 music says to me? —

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

When I can see around me every youthful face love-
lit for me,
An' feel that all their merriment's intended, every
bit, for me? —
Ah, then, in spite of all the work, the worry and
bewildherment,
I'm thanking God He gave me this: to know what
little childher meant!

Ah, sure without the childher 'tis myself might take
it aisier;
But would I be much better off because I might be
lazier?
My hand it might be whiter, an' I'd have more rings
to wear on it,
But would my heart be lighter if I had no mother-
care on it?
An' tell me how I'd spend the day — I'm thinkin'
'twould be weary, now,
If I could not be looking out for Patsy an' for Mary,
now,
Or some one or another of the little lives so dear to
me,
An' thinkin', are they safe an' sound? an' wishin'
they were near to me;
An' kissin' them when they came in, an' layin' lovin'
hold on them,

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

An' askin' if they're wet, for fear they'd maybe have
a cold on them.

An' smilin' to see Michael draw each lovin' little
one to him,

An' laughin' when the youngest one, the toddler,
tries to run to him.

'Tis thrue, the world is filled with care, we suffer
every day from it,

But, ah, the little childher, sure, they lure our
hearts away from it!

The house that has the childher is the house that has
the joy in it.

To me 'tis only home that has a girleen or a boy
in it.

An' every one that's added only makes the place
the cheerier ;

If childher are the gifts of God, the more He sends
the merrier.

Sure, every little one I've had gave something to
my bliss the more,

An' every little baby face my lips were drawn to
kiss the more,

An' though I know the throuble an' the thrial an'
the care they are,

An' though I know how often wild, how wayward an'
how quare they are,

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

An' though 'tis many a night I've watched beside
the little beds of them,
An' held their little hands an' cooled the fevered little
heads of them ;
An' though I know the surly moods that fall upon
the best of them —
Can *one* who is unkind outweigh the love of all the
rest of them?
No, no, the throuble that I've had, through them,
I'll never rue at all,
An' sure, without the childher, now, I don't know
what I'd do at all !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Signs of Spring

SIGNS of spring? Well, in the country

There are things to hear and see,
Many sweet and stirring portents
Of the happy time to be.

But the crocus can't come growing
Through the shining asphalt sheets,
And the bluebird dare not venture
To invade the city streets.

Came there any vagrant robin,
Could we hear his timid note
With the thousand, thousand whistles,
Each a roaring brazen throat?

No, the chatter from the tree-tops
And the piping from the marsh —
These are lost to those who labor
In the city hoarse and harsh.

But there are some signs unfailing
That the city people know
Mark the sure and swift departure
Of the time of frost and snow.
Though we may not see the grackle,
That dark pioneer of spring ;

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Though we may not glimpse the bluebird,
 May not hear the robin sing;
Though we're far from peeping crocus,
 Far from softly swelling buds;
Though we hear not the rejoicing
 Of the liberated floods,
Yet it fills our souls with promise,
 And it stirs our hearts with hope,
When the boys are playing marbles,
 And the girls are jumping rope.

Yes, some morning when we're weary
 Of the winter's dreary reign,
And we're wondr'ing will the summer
 Ever, ever come again;
Faring forth in bitter weather,
 Dust in eyes, and dust in mouth,
When we're envying the people
 Who can winter in the South —
Then, behold, a group of small boys
 Playing marbles in a ring!
And, behold, a twirling jump-rope
 That the little lassies swing!
Signs of spring? Come forth, my spirit,
 Nevermore in gloom to grope,
For the boys are playing marbles,
 And the girls are jumping rope!

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Fanny Fuss-and-Feathers

NOW, Fanny Fuss-and-Feathers is the prettiest of girls;

She's washed and starched and ironed from her gaiters to her curls.

Her satins are the glossiest, her silks are of the sheerest;

And everything that's on her is the latest and the dearest.

But Fanny, if you knew her mind, would very much prefer

To dress like Sadie Smith and, oh, to go and play with her!

For Sadie Smith in gingham goes; she wears an old straw hat;

Her shoes are somewhat rusty, and their heels are rather flat;

She wrestles with her brothers and she frolics with the pup,

And when a body plays like that how can she keep "fixed up"?

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

But Fanny Fuss-and-Feathers, when she passes
Sadie's yard,
There's something rises in her throat that makes
her swallow hard.

Now, Fanny Fuss-and-Feathers has a great big
touring car,
And every day she's taken out to travel fast and far ;
She sees a lot that Sadie Smith, perhaps, will never
see,
And goes to lovely places where poor Sadie'll never
be.
And yet, with all her riches and the things that go
therewith,
This funny little Fanny wishes she were Sadie
Smith !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

The Nice Man

A MAN goes by here every day
To catch the nine-eleven
(Kate says that workin' that-a-way
Must surely be like heaven);
An' when he passes by our gate,
An' sees my brothers' crowd, he
Jes' tips his hat to me an' Kate,
An' says, "Hello", or "Howdy?"

An' when the boys are spinnin' tops,
Or playin' ball or jumpin',
He very nearly always stops
An' says, "That's good," or sumpin.
I guess he likes to see them run
An' hear them shout an' holler,
An' once when little Jakey won
He gave him half a dollar.

The other men that pass our gate,
They somehow don't look pleasant;
They never tip to me an' Kate,
An' Dolly — when *she's* present.

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

They never ask the boys, "Who beat?"
Nor seem to care about them.
(An' once Kate said she thought the street
Would be as well without them.)

But this one man — he ain't like that,
A-thinkin' of his money.
He even gives our dog a pat,
An' asks about my bunny.
Now, ain't it better to be nice
To me an' to my brothers
Than act as if your heart was ice
(Kate says) like all the others?

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Daddies and Laddies

OH, the world is filled with daddies —
Not a place but has its share ;
And they're loved by little laddies,
Here, and there, and everywhere ;
And each little laddie's daddy
Thinks him better than the rest,
And each daddy's little laddie
Loves his own dear daddy best !

And there are so many daddies,
Plain and handsome, poor and rich,
'Tis a wonder little laddies
Can distinguish which is which ;
But at picking out his daddy
Every laddie stands the test,
For each daddy's little laddie
Loves his own dear daddy best.

~

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Little Lady Wide-Awake

LITTLE Lady Wide-Awake,
Ere the dawn begins to break,
Opens up her eyes, and then
Won't go back to sleep again.
Can't be frightened, can't be coaxed,
Can't be bribed and can't be hoaxed;
Let the world say what it may,
Wide-awake she's bound to stay.

Were she but content to lie
Silent, e'en as you and I;
Were she one that would remain
Quiet 'neath the counterpane, —
Why, her serfs at least could stay
Sleeping till the dawn of day;
But when she herself's astir,
All her serfs must wait on her.

Little Lady Wide-Awake!
Little lady, for thy sake,
Eyes reluctant all must ope,
Hands reluctant all must grope;

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Minds reluctant must come back
O'er the drowsy, dreamy track ;
All must be alert to show
That their duty well they know.
Your commands they all must take,
Little Lady Wide-Awake.

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

The Sad Poor Little Faces

IF twinty goolden pounds I had,
Or, bettther, twinty guineas,
'Tis quickly I would run, bedad,
An' change thim into pinnies ;
An' thin I'd walk the world for miles,
Through all the barest places,
An' faith I think I'd put some smiles
On sad poor little faces.

For many's the lad I know full well,
Bare-futtid, cowlid and skinny,
And many's the girl, the thruth to tell,
Would jump to see a pinny.
I'm but a rough ould rogue meself,
An' through the towns they bawl me,
But faith if I could show such pelf,
'Tis just a saint they'd call me.

I wandher here, I wandher there,
A rambler and a rover,
I see the hedges whin they're bare,
An' whin with green grown over.

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

An' whin I see the rich in state
Go by with mothors flashin',
I think of One divinely great
Who rode in humbler fashion.

I see the sorrows of the poor,
An', more than that, I feel thim,
I know the hardships they endure,
None bettther can reveal thim.

An' whin I see the little ones,
The Patsies and the Jinnies,
'Tis thin my heart on money runs,
'Tis thin I long for pinnies !

An' if the goolden coins I found,
Old Ireland's roads I range thim.
I'd walk unto the great seas' bound —
But first of all I'd change thim.
I'd change thim into copper pince,
And search the barest places,
And put a smile — and think 'twas sinse —
On sad poor little faces !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Robin Goodfellow

In the town where the author was born and reared, it was a belief firmly held by the children that the ruined medieval castle of Ormond was haunted by Robin Goodfellow who loved peace and retirement and hated noise.

ROUND the town we used to run,
Happy-hearted boys at play,
There was none to spoil our fun,
None to say us nay.
But 'twas carefully we walked,
And 'twas cautiously we talked,
When we passed the castle gate!
For, behind there lay in wait —
Wakeful, watchful, wise and wary —
Some one who might jump and snatch us,
Some one who might run and catch us,
Some one who was death on boys
If he found them making noise, —
Robin Goodfellow, the fairy.

Robin Goodfellow! That name
Filled our hearts with vague alarms.
He might strike us blind or lame,
Work a hundred harms.

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Lock us in the castle keep
Fling us in some dungeon deep,
Hold us by his magic power
In some lone and lofty tower
Of his castle old and airy,
Far from bold and brave big brothers,
Far from fathers and from mothers,
Where we could no longer play,
Only pine and pine away, —
Robin Goodfellow, the fairy!

Guardian of the ruined wall,
Warder of the rusted gate,
Does your presence still appal
Children up to date?
Do they still believe you there?
Do they still of you beware —
Walking softly, talking low,
As we used to, long ago? —
Knees a-tremble, spirits scary —
Fearful lest you nimbly nab them,
Fearful lest you grimly grab them —
Do you still suppress the noise
And the naughtiness of boys,
Robin Goodfellow, the fairy?

Trains and telephones and books
Chase the fairies day by day,

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

From the haunted fields and nooks
Where they once held sway.
How can shy, elusive elves
Hope to-day to hide themselves?
How conceal them from the bright
Glare of Fact's electric light?
Yet I hope that Tipperary
Still retains to quell the riot
Of the boys, and keep them quiet,
Him whose name when I was young
Many a time has stilled my tongue, —
Robin Goodfellow the fairy!

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Playing Bear

WHEN my papa plays bear with me —
I know he's my papa, you see ;
I know he's not a bear, and yet,
I'm awful scared of him, you bet !

For my papa, he growls so deep,
He kind of makes a fellow creep ;
And, oh, he makes such faces, too,
Just when he's going to spring on you !

So when I run from him, and hide
Away around by mama's side —
It isn't make believe with me —
I'm just as scared as I can be.

Behind the door he lies in wait,
For folks, he says, that stay out late,
When I pass by, he gives a roar
And drags me in behind the door !

And, oh, we make such noises when
I face Old Growler in his den —
I know he's my papa, and yet
I'm awful scared of him, you bet.

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

But sometimes mama says : "Now, Pap,
Don't play so hard with Little Chap,"
And then the big bear laughs, and then
He's just my own papa again !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Paste Pot and Shears

WAS it I, I wonder, used to dream of fame?
Used to think of some day making quite a
name?

Used to paint a future bright with rosy tints —
First of all the men that make the leading prints.
Recognized as foremost literary light,
Writing stuff that no one else on earth could write.
Lordy, what a come down! After all the years
Here I am a slave to a paste pot and a shears!

Was it I, I wonder, used to welcome spring?
Used to warble blithely as the robins sing?
Used to rave of sunsets, used to rant of bowers,
Used to fill my rhymes with blossoms, buds and
flowers?

Soul attuned to beauty, heart with love aglow,
Was it I, I wonder, used to ramble so?
Lo, the anti-climax! Matter meet for jeers!
Here I am a slave to a paste pot and a shears!

Was it I, I wonder? Ah, but life is strange!
Strange and cold and hard, to work so sad a change.

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Watering and weak'ning inspiration's wine,
Substituting caution for the dream divine.
"Hush, you fool!" says Wisdom, "something has
 been won!
Olden days of hardship happily are done."
Out upon such preaching! Must the dreams of
 years
Dwindle down at last to a paste pot and a shears?

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

The Newspaper Poet

THE newspaper poet's a commonplace fellow —
The humblest may know what his poetry
means.

But clearness is treason, and so, for this reason,
He never gets into the big magazines.

Let others create what is hazy or crazy,
He makes no pretensions to being profound ;
He's sure, though he rise to the height of the skies,
to
Be found right side up when he lights on the
ground.

He's never a cynical, soreheaded critic,
Who feels that the heart of mankind is untrue ;
He never gets dreary, but happy and cheery
His vision of life is an optimist's view.

He's hopelessly fond of the commonplace people,
He gilds with a glory the everyday things.
And lives that have drifted from God are uplifted
And strengthened and saved by the songs that he
sings !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

And so toward the commonplace newspaper poet
The heart of the people most lovingly leans,
His versification is dear to the nation
Though strictly taboo to the big magazines!

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Spring on Boston Common

SPRING on the Common,
Green grass growing,
Gray trees showing
Tiny buds;
Fountain playing,
Young men straying,
Girls displaying
Daring duds.

Spring on the Common,
Children leaping,
Old folk creeping
In the shine,
Pigeons strutting,
Squirrels nutting,
Sparrows butting
In, to dine.

Spring on the Common,
Frog Pond sailors,
Busy as nailers
O'er their toys,

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

Sailing, splashing,
Wading, clashing,
Sometimes smashing —
 “ Oh, them boys ! ”

Spring on the Common,
Spouters spouting,
Shouters shouting,
 Leathern lunged ;
Babies sprawling,
Mothers calling,
Fathers bawling
 Babel-tongued.

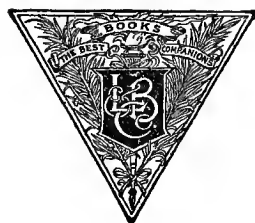
Spring on the Common,
Same old story —
Linked in glory,
 Lovers stand ;
Theirs the vernal
Bliss supernal,
Theirs the eternal
 Spring stirred land !

HEART SONGS AND HOME SONGS

A Last Word

MY dreams were once about myself,
They used to give me power and pelf,
They crowned me with a world-wide fame,
A spacious life, a noble name.
And every dream of future glory
Made me the hero of the story.

But note the change — no longer I
The stage's centre occupy ;
No more on me and only me
The spot-light falls exclusively.
Not for myself I dream this minute,
But for the world and all men in it !



*There are freshness and melody in Mr. McCarthy's verses.—
New York Sun.*

A ROUND OF RIMES

By DENIS A. McCARTHY

Author of "Heart Songs and Home Songs"

16mo. Cloth. \$1.00 net

This new and enlarged edition of "A Round of Rimes" contains his melodious "Ah, Sweet is Tipperary," and many other of his choicest poems, together with some of his latest compositions.

Mr. McCarthy, associate editor of the *Sacred Heart Review*, is the author of a number of felicitous lyrics, with the full Irish flavor, lilt, music and tenderness, a natural singer from the land of minstrel boys.—*Boston Transcript*.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

VOICES FROM ERIN AND OTHER POEMS

16mo. Cloth. \$1.00 net

Mr. McCarthy's music is pure and sweet, and almost universal in its sympathy. Scarcely a sentiment of the heart escapes the scrutiny of his pen.—*Boston Globe*.

LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY, Publishers
34 BEACON STREET, BOSTON

